

*Frontispiece.*



*The Happy Meeting*

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*The Happy Meeting*

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T H E  
LOVERS LOOKING GLASS;  
O R,  
ENTERTAINING HISTORY  
O F  
Arabella Euston and Francis Philemon,  
O F  
TIVERTON, IN DEVONSHIRE,  
WHO WERE DISTINGUISHED BY THE NAMES OF  
THE CONSTANT SWAIN,  
AND  
FAIR MAID OF THE WEST.

Interspersed with a Variety of pleasing Adventures,  
interesting Letters, Love Anecdotes, and uncommon  
Incidents; and sent to the Publisher

BY THE LADY HERSELF.

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*Variety in this small Book you'll find,  
To please the Fancy and exalt the Mind.*

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1. An Account of Philemon and Arabella.
2. Their first Meeting and falling in Love.
3. Their Perplexities and Difficulties.
4. Their Vows of Constancy.
5. Their mutual Jealousies, Letters, &c.
6. Their Separation and Reconciliation.
7. Death of Philemon's Father.
8. Wedding, &c.

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T H E

LOVERS LOOKING GLASS.

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**A**LL nations, and all ranks and degrees acknowledge the superior power of Love! so omnipotent is this deity, that the ancient poets have made the father of the gods submit to his tyrannic sway.

Even all the deities in Heaven have, by their account, experienced the fatal effects of his unerring dart; no wonder then that mere mortals should bend to his all-conquering power.

Fantastic as fancy can make him, he delights in tormenting the human heart; hope, fear, rage, jealousy, revenge, spleen, hatred, and despair, are all subservient to this whimsical god, as will be displayed in the following history of Philemon and Arabella, which is intended as A LOOKING GLASS FOR LOVERS, where they may view themselves in a proper light, and, if possible, profit by the example.

Love is said to be blind, but I fancy he is the reverse, and makes his votaries blind on purpose to carry on

his deceptions, or otherwise steals away their senses, and makes them appear to others either foolish or mad.

Arabella was born at Tiverton, in Devonshire; her parents were middling farmers, and having no other child, were not sparing in bringing her up, neither was she backward in learning whatever she was instructed in; reading, writing, and needle-work she soon became a proficient in, and seemed to have an air of superiority over the rest of the country lasses, yet she still assisted in the family affairs, milking the cows, churning, making cheese, and such sort of domestic affairs which farmers daughters formerly thought a credit to be acquainted with, though now indeed they dress in as high taste as the London folks, and a rosy arm or face, the usual graces of rural simplicity, are supplanted by the assistance of washes and perfumes, and their heads adorned with the plumage of the ostrich.

Arabella was the neatest of all that went to market, her deportment was graceful, her face blooming, her manners modest, and her skin so delicate, that she was called the FAIR MAID OF THE WEST. Pure innocence was the guide of all her actions; and all her desires were, to fulfil her duty to God and her parents.

She was now about the age of eighteen, her bosom a total stranger to care and anxiety, her days were cheerful, and her nights crowned with the most serene repose—such was Arabella.

And now it will be necessary to describe Philemon to the Reader, who is to be a principal actor in this history.

Philemon

Philemon was the son of a very opulent tradesman, who had acquired an ample fortune; so very avaricious that his gold was his god.—but his son was of a different disposition, was open and generous, and joined to a tolerable education, a good natural understanding, and a sweetness of disposition that rendered him agreeable wherever he came; he was about twenty, of the middling stature, florid complexion, fine black eyes and hair, and every way agreeable.

This young man used often to walk in the fields to read and contemplate the beauties of Nature, who has been very liberal in her favours to the county of Devon; hills, dales, woods, rivers and the main ocean, diversify the prospects, and plenty of fish, flesh, and fowl, for food, supply the markets, while her smiling fields are covered with the rich gifts of Ceres. One morning when Arabella was milking a little way from home, she diverted herself with a song, having a most delightful voice; Philemon was taking his morning walk at a distance when he heard her, he stopped for some time to listen, but did not see the person who made such transporting harmony; however, he followed the sound by his ear, till he came to the place where she was sit a milking; if he was delighted with her voice, he was infinitely more so with her person, she appeared to him the very pattern of perfection; he stood some time in an extacy of transport, unperceived by her, but advancing a little nearer, she suddenly turned round and in an instant was covered with confusion, he observed her, and in gentle accents spoke thus to her: “Fair maid do not be alarmed,  
“there

“there is no enemy near, you will pardon a stranger  
“who, delighted with heavenly voice, could not de-  
“part without seeing the person who could thus rival  
“the sweetest tenants of the grove, and which nothing  
“can excel but the beauty of your person.”

Arabella was dumb, she could not utter a sentence, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and her face covered with blushes, and having just then done milking, she arose with her pail to go home.

Philemon followed, and would fain have eased her of her burthen, but she would not let him, yet she did not bid him retire; he followed till he saw her go in, and then reluctantly went back.

Here was a master stroke of the little god Cupid, who at first sight wounded them both—both at the same moment.

Arabella was lost in thought, she forgot all her cheerfulness, could take no rest all night, or if she slumbered a little the image of Philemon appeared before her more lovely than any one she had ever seen, Fancy painted him as something superior to mortals, and indeed she longed for the morning to go a milking again, in hopes at least once more to behold the object which had so much agitated her mind.

Philemon found the same perturbation in his breast, THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST was continually before his eyes, her voice was continually in his ears, and all his thoughts were entirely engrossed by this rural beauty.

There



There was a little cottage not far off where they sold ale and cyder, here Philemon went in, and calling for some cyder, began to enquire about Arabella, describing her to the old folks as well as he could; I'll be hanged, cried the good woman, if the gentleman does not mean neighbour Hobson's daughter Arabella. Aye, continued she, she is a good lass, there are few can equal her in this county, she is as virtuous as she is fair, and admired by every one both at church and market; she often comes here to see my Nan, they were play-fellows and school children together, but she beats Nan alltogether, both in learning and manners, but for all that she is not proud, I can tell you that.

This harangue of the old woman's was not a little pleasing to Philemon, whose passion grew more and more predominant, and he was determined at all events to see her again.

This resolution was formed by the frenzy of a lover, for the least reflection would have taught him he was wrong, for his father he well knew would never consent to a match with one so inferior in point of fortune: but love never acts with consideration, and blindly runs on towards the object it desires.

Philemon, after a restless night, got up early in the morning, and pursued his way towards the same field where he had been the morning before.

He soon discovered Arabella at her usual employment in the morning, he approached her, and in the most respectful manner enquired after her health, he  
threw

threw himself on the grass by her side, the more conveniently to behold her face, which was directed towards the ground, and covered with blushes.

My dear Arabella, said he, (for I am informed that is your name) permit me to breathe my soul before you, do not think me a vain libertine that wishes to injure your person or your morals, I alike admire your beauty and your virtue; and all I request is, your consent to endeavour to render myself agreeable in your sight, you are the only object the most pleasing that ever my eyes beheld, my heart is entirely subdued to you, let me then visit you on the terms of love and honour, my faith shall be inviolable, and my heart shall know no change.

Alas Sir, said Arabella, I fear you are of much superior degree to think of matching with a poor farmer's daughter; besides, Sir, at present I must have no inclinations of my own, it is a duty I owe my parents, to consult them in every thing I do, nor can I give the least encouragement 'till that part is performed.

Philemon replied:

My lovely Arabella, I admire your prudence, and your strict adherence to your duty, which you shall perform to the exactest tittle.

I will wait on your parents immediately and gain their consent, as to disparity of fortune I despise it, yourself is a mine of every thing that is rich and precious, love and content is seldom found in magnificent palaces, but in rural cottages, there I should be a king and you a queen. Arabella now proceeded home with

her

her pail, which she would by no means let him carry, and Philemon followed her into the house, where he saw her father and mother, who were not a little surprized at seeing him come in.

Arabella, as soon as she came home, went into the dairy to dispose of her milk, and left Philemon to open the matter as he thought proper, yet not a little uneasy in her mind for fear he should not succeed.

Philemon in the most expressive and most pathetic terms declared his passion for Arabella, and declared that his future happiness depended entirely upon his being united with her.

The farmer replied, he had not the least objection to his visiting his daughter on such honourable terms as he had mentioned, but thought he was rather too precipitate, having seen his daughter only twice, so that as yet he could form little judgment of her temper, which he thought were essentials in the married state.

But there was another circumstance which struck him most forcibly, and that was, that though his passion might be as sincere as it was violent, yet his father might be more cool upon the matter, therefore advised to consult with him before he proceeded any farther.

This hit the ears of Philemon like a clap of thunder, he well knew his father's regard for money, and despaired of ever gaining his consent to what he would deem so disproportionate; he was distracted at the thought, yet the Farmer said he would not agree to any thing which had the least appearance of what would be called clandestine, therefore insisted that he should

discontinue his visits: till that was obtained. Poor Philemon took his leave with a heart full of sorrow, and without seeing again his beloved Arabella.

He went immediately to his chamber, and threw himself on the bed in all the horrors of despair, in which situation he continued all night.

Arabella understanding how matters stood, felt no little uneasiness for fear he should not obtain the consent of his father, as she was to the full as much in love as Philemon, and her uneasiness likewise hindered her from rest, yet she concealed the agitation of her mind as much as possible; she rose in the morning as usual and went with her pail to the field, where she soon discovered her lover approaching, but what an alteration, his eyes were red and suffused with tears, his face pale, and his whole frame in disorder, she guessed at the cause of this appearance, when he thus began:

Alas, my Arabella, my hopes of happiness are all blown over, I dare not consult my father, being certain he will never give his consent, and your's will not permit me to visit you on any other terms; I cannot live without you, then let me contrive some method to see you unknown to either party, till time shall order things for our mutual felicity: he then fell on his knees, and implored her to take pity on him; this position, and his tears, totally subdued her, she wept likewise, and could not help owning as strong a passion for him, and they then vowed eternal constancy to each other, and Philemon, kissing her hand, promised to meet her the next morning, and fix a place where



where they might meet in private, till time should dispose of things in a different manner.

Thus did this innocent, but inconsiderate couple, plunge into the very depth of love at once; not foreseeing what was to ensue; indeed if they could have done that, the prospect, in all probability, would not have deterred them from doing as they had already done.

What a strange infatuation is love! it swallows up all other passions, and yet partakes of them all; advice is vain, and examples of no use.

Philemon was lost in thought for some time, in considering where he should find a convenient place to meet at; at last, he recollected an old woman who had been his nurse, and from that circumstance had more than a common regard for him: money he knew would perform almost any thing; and as she was poor, he thought he might secure her secrecy by handsome presents. This place was resolved upon, and accordingly he went immediately to her cottage, which was but a little way off, and finding the old woman alone, he opened the whole affair to her. The good creature, at first, was apprehensive that if it should ever be discovered, it would prove her utter ruin, as her cottage and even her principle support belonged to his father.

But the power of his eloquence, and the sight of his purse, soon got the better of her scruples, and he took his leave, overjoyed to think he had so far succeeded, and he should have frequent opportunities of

seeing and conversing with his dear Arabella. He waited with impatience for the next morning, to communicate this to the only object of his affections.

Arabella tried all she could to be chearful, that her parents might not suspect the situation of her heart, but in vain; an involuntary sigh would break forth, in spite of all her caution.

But here we may see what a ready instructor Love is, and how ready his votaries are to follow his dictates.

Arabella, all innocent, all simplicity, and modesty, could, in so short a time, have recourse to dissimulation, even to those parents which she loved dearer than her life.

But to return: Philemon you may be sure did not forget his appointment next morning, but hastened to the well-known field, to meet his beloved Arabella, who as anxiously waited his coming. She did not wait long ere he arrived, and after some tender expressions, he directed her to the place of meeting, and she promised to come, if possible, that afternoon, which when we have declared she did, we shall leave them awhile, for the sake of introducing some other characters which will afford no little business in this history.

Simon, the miller's son, was a very smart youth, and expected to be left very well when his father should

should die, and he was now very old. Simon was sober and industrious, and went constantly to church, where he was deemed no bad country beau; and indeed the lasses cast many glances towards him, as he would be a very desirable husband: but Simon had fixed his mind on Arabella; and as he considered himself every way her equal, in point of fortune, he made no scruple of paying his addresses to her, and by way of introducing himself, he wrote the following letter to her father.

“ MASTER HOBSON,

“ I send this to let you know that I have fallen in love with your daughter Bella, for she is a good tight lass, and though there are others who I suppose will have more money to their portions, yet I am determined to please my eye, if I plague my heart, as the saying is; so I would have you tell her I shall pay her a visit on Sunday next, and I hope she will not stand too much upon forms, but come to the point as soon as possible, for long courtship I am told is expensive; so, Sir, if you will open the matter it will save a world of ceremony on my part, and very much oblige your

Very humble servant, &c.

SIMON COG.”

Old Hobson, not having seen Philemon any more, concluded that his father had given an absolute refusal to him, and therefore determined to promote the match all in his power with Simon.

To this purpose, he put the letter into Arabella's hand, and after waiting till she had read it, spoke to her thus:—

“ Daughter, although I would by no means wish to lay a restraint on your inclinations, yet I should wish your duty and good sense may prompt you to think as I do. Simon, the miller's son, is a neighbour well to pass in the world; is a likely, honest, careful young man, and not above you in regard to family, which is a great point to be considered; for supposing this Philemon, now in the wildfire of his youth, could obtain his father's consent to marry you (which I am sure he never will) in the course of a few years he will begin to consider that he has done wrong, that he might have had a wife with five or ten thousand pounds fortune; he will continually upbraid you with your poverty; your days will be uneasy, and your nights joyless: he will expect, notwithstanding all his wealth, that you should be a mere household drudge, in consideration of the honour he has done you. These are considerations, my dear, which you ought to make: now with Simon it will be quite otherwise, you will at least be your own mistress; he will mind his mill, while you superintend the household affairs, and you may be happy in a decent situation.”

Poor Arabella could only answer with tears, which were by no means agreeable to her father, as he guessed at the cause of them, well knowing that the first impression can never totally be eradicated, for he had himself married for love, without any other consideration.

He



He thought it was not a time to press the matter any farther at present, so left her to consider of it.

Arabella was in the utmost distress; between love and duty she could not bear the thought of acting contrary to her father's inclinations, yet she had vowed eternal constancy to Philemon; the very idea of him put every other thought to flight, and love got the better of duty, yet she determined to act with the utmost circumspection, to receive the visits of Simon with civility, but with such coolness that should not give him the most distant hope of succeeding; and to let Philemon know of all that passed; by this means she thought to tire out the patience of Simon, and make him quit the chace, as he had hinted that he did not approve of long courtships. How soon can Love instruct the most innocent in the art of perplexing! According to her resolution, she took the first opportunity; she went to meet Philemon, and unburthen her mind to him: she read the letter Simon had sent to her father, which had quite a contrary effect to what may be imagined, for from this moment he considered Simon as a powerful rival, and that cursed fiend Jealousy took possession of his mind. He fell on his knees, and took Arabella by the hand, with a look which spoke all that he felt; he begged she would believe nothing could alter him, that in every situation his heart should remain inviolable to her; and wished, if possible, she would never see Simon any more: but this was a request she could by no means comply with, without at once disturbing her father's peace; as to her mother, she never said a word

word *pro* or *con* about the matter, yet her mind was rather in favour of Philemon.

Arabella did all that prudence and modesty could dictate to soothe and pacify the mind of Philemon who however departed, with the strongest marks of disorder in his countenance, yet begging to see her again the next morning.

Arabella went home, and appeared as chearful as the situation of her mind would permit; and now we must leave her for a while, in order to introduce another which will be of consequence in Cupid's catalogue of whimsical lovers.

The good woman who had been the nurse of Philemon, and now his convenient friend, had a daughter much about his age, and who was suckled at the same time with him. She had long in secret loved Philemon, but had stifled her sensations on account of her inequality of birth and fortune; but now finding the cause of his frequent visits to their cottage, she was stung almost to death with rage and jealousy. She was sufficiently satisfied of Arabella's superiority over her, both in understanding and personal accomplishments; she knew that she was every way worthy of a more exalted station, yet that knowledge only served to wet her envy, and prompted her to revenge herself on one that never gave her the least offence.—Yet rivals in love are always enemies, though ever such great friends before; and no means however contrary to honour and humanity, are looked upon as wrong, which

which tend to frustrate the hopes of those who we think stand in the way of what we wish for ourselves.

Molly (for that was her name) was not as yet acquainted with the reason of these lovers meeting in private; but Arabella having made her a confidant, the secret was explained, which gave her an opportunity of proceeding as she afterwards did.

And now the God of Love having managed his business thus far, was determined to have some sport, though it was rather cruel of a Deity.

Philemon, in the morning, as usual, went to the field, in order to see his dear Arabella and ease his mind, and tell her he put the utmost confidence in her truth and purity, when lo! the aforesaid God had so ordered matters that Simon, the miller, passing over the meadows, and seeing Arabella going a milking, thought he might as well speak to her now as to stay till Sunday, as it would, without doubt, forward the business a day or two. He had just approached her, and had actually taken hold of her hand, and was going to salute her, according to the method of country courtship, it being a received maxim that kissing and squeezing was the only method to warm the breast of a modest virgin.

Arabella pushed him away, and desired him to desist from such rudeness, and told him that if he had any thing to say to her, her father's house was the proper place, where there might be witnesses of what  
C passed.

passed: Simon took this speech for an invitation, and said, "With all my heart; I would as soon there as any where," and so, shaking her hand, departed

Philemon, who had arrived just in time to view the latter part of this scene, felt all the horrors which can be imagined; he conceived that shaking her hand was rather too familiar, and more than Arabella should by any means have permitted; not supposing it was done by force, and quite contrary to her inclination.

Philemon was like a madman; a thousand times he resolved to pursue Simon, and with his cane knock his brains out, (for he did not wear a sword) and as many times he retracted such ideas, saying, "It is Arabella that is in fault, not Simon, he cannot help loving her; yet why should I be angry at that? Had I fixed my mind upon one that nobody regarded but myself, I should soon have despised myself, and hated my choice."

"Yet, Arabella has vowed constancy to me, and should not give the least encouragement to a rival, of what denomination soever. I will upbraid her with the lowness of her mind—my education—my understanding—my fortune, is so much above him.—But what is education, what is understanding, what is fortune? Nature alone dictates in matters of love. I will not go near either of them: no, I will write her a letter in the severest terms, and take myself away for ever."

This



This was the resolution of a lover, and as such it was adhered to.

He turned back to do what he had resolved,—he rambled for a quarter of an hour,—he returned to the field.—She was gone,—he was raving; he went to the old woman's, and sat down to write.

Arabella, who had waited with the utmost anxiety for his appearance, went home with a heart bleeding with love and tenderness, she feared that some accident had befallen him, and longed for the afternoon that she might go to the cottage to enquire after him, the interim was terrible, at length the time arrived, she went and found the following epistle:

TO ARABELLA, or the FAIR MAID OF THE WEST.

“Unkind Arabella, false and fickle as the wind, is this your avowed constancy, I saw you with Simon this morning, I saw you shake hands at parting, you cannot vindicate your conduct, you are faithless, and I am unhappy, but remember what is the reward of perjury:—farewell for ever.

PHILEMON.”

On reading this Arabella fell into a fit, and with much difficulty was recovered: Molly went with her up stairs, and after she was a little more composed she began thus:

Lord, Bella ! I wonder you can take on so after a man who is made up of falsity ; why you think, I suppose, that he never made love to any one but you, but you are much mistaken, he has said as many fine things to me, 'tis but a copy of his countenance, and [ he desired me to take no notice, for all he meant was but a joke ; but now I see you take on so I cannot bear to see you so ill used, so I hope you will never see him any more ; if he should want to make it up with you I am sure I would not.

It was now the first time that the tender heart of Arabella first felt the poisoned sting of jealousy, she saw her confidant in the most odious light, notwithstanding she had, as she thought, given the real character of Philemon.

She now determined in her mind to obey her father's desire, and admit Simon as the man destined to be her husband, she therefore entrusted her friend Molly with a note, to give to Philemon the first opportunity, and immediately went home.

The note was as follows :

“ Philemon, I understand that your general regard for our sex will not let you be particular, I hope you will return to where you made your first fine speeches, as I shall to my duty, I shall not apologize for what you saw this morning, put what construction you will upon it ; as to vows, I understand you have a stock of them to bestow whenever you think proper,  
I know

I know it can give you no manner of affliction, to be informed by me that I never wish to see you more.

ARABELLA."

Philemon, who was still on the rack, notwithstanding his letter in the dusk of the evening, repaired to the cottage, and the old woman being alone, told him all concerning Arabella after her receiving his letter, likewise informed him that her daughter had something for him, and that she was just stepped out and would return presently.

Philemon began to think he had done wrong, and earnestly wished for Molly's return, to know what it was that Arabella had left.

The reader may remember, that when Philemon made his first enquiries after Arabella at the little ale-house, the old woman said she often called on her daughter Nan, this girl was desperately in love with Simon the miller; Molly understanding that Arabella, in consequence of her quarrel with Philemon, was determined to admit Simon on the score of being her husband, thought that she could not behave in a more friendly manner than to let Nanny into the secret, as well as all she knew of her amour with Philemon, and on this worthy business she was now gone, and performed what she intended to a nicety, for she blew up the coals of jealousy and revenge in Nanny's bosom, that her passions (which were none of the most moderate) glowed like a furnace.

Molly

Molly having made another as uneasy as herself, returned home, where she was not a little surprized to find Philemon; she gave him the letter, and observed with secret satisfaction the uneasiness of his mind.

There was something so mysterious in what she had written, that he could not tell what to make of it, yet having some suspicion of Molly's duplicity, he determined to see Arabella in the morning, if she was there according to custom, but in this he was disappointed, for Arabella being extremely ill could not attend her employment, and Hodge the man went a milking: this intelligence convinced him that he had acted too precipitately, and that Arabella had been abused by somebody, and was constant to him.

He thought the only expedient he had was, to get Hodge to carry a letter for him and contrive to give it to Arabella, which he prevailed on him to do for half a crown, but as it was not written, he appointed a place to meet him in the evening, Hodge promised to attend, and Philemon went to put his intentions to paper.

Nanny, the Reader should be informed, had more pretensions to the miller than Molly had to Philemon, for she was with child by him, which was the reason he wanted to expedite the business with Arabella: revenge dictated what she did, as indeed she had some cause, as must be owned.

She dressed herself in a decent manner and went to Philemon's father, and informed him of all she knew concerning



concerning his son and Arabella, and likewise of the miller's perfidy to her; the old gentleman being in the commission of the peace, promised to see justice done to her, and so dismissed her: not knowing that his son was abroad he went to his chamber, and on his table found the following verses:

## TO THE DIVINE ARABELLA.

When first I heard my charmer sing,  
It seem'd the linnet in the spring;  
But when I saw her in the grove,  
I thought it was the queen of love.

So delicate thy shape and air,  
Thy eyes so bright, thy face so fair,  
Thy modesty so rare and meek,  
The roses blushing on thy cheek.

I thought I chaste Diana saw,  
Brighter than fancy e'er could draw,  
Yet vain, alas! I did conclude,  
'Twas Arabella that I view'd.

Not fabled Hebe half so sweet,  
With health more fresh, with joy replete,  
Not Flora, deck'd with all her flow'rs,  
Could boast a form more bright than yours.

Will not kind Fortune then dispense  
To so much beauty, worth and sense,  
That ample bounty which is due  
To one so lovely, chaste and true?

But

But what are titles, wealth, to me?

My honour, riches, all is thee,

I'd be contented in a cot,

Let Arabella be my lot.

This paper, left in so careless a manner, convinced the old gentleman that all he had been told was true; so putting it in his pocket he went down stairs, muttering to himself cot and lot; aye, aye, you dog, I'll take care of your cot and your lot.

Philemon having written his letter, which was as follows, gave it to Hodge, who waited according to appointment, and who conveyed it to Arabella:

MY DEAREST ARABELLA,

"The torments I have endured since the letter I sent you are past my power. Forgive, O forgive the ardour of my passion; I cannot bear the thoughts of a rival let him be ever so mean, much more to see him in your company, to touch your hand, 'tis insupportable: perhaps it was his impudence, I am distracted with doubts and fears, yet hope steps in sometimes to my assistance.

"There is some mystery in your letter which I cannot understand, and long for an explanation:—Who did I pay my first vows to? To you, and you alone, by all that's sacred: O! my dear Arabella, if you are well enough, I conjure you to meet me once  
more,

more, that an explanation may take place; if not, let me have a line by Hodge. I fear we have been betrayed, yet know not how; was you to see the very workings of my soul, you would be convinced that you are all I think of; contrive then, my dearest creature, to ease my throbbing heart. I shall wait with impatience 'till I know my doom, which must be received from you, to live or die. O! my Arabella, believe me eternally yours,

PHILEMON."

Arabella, on reading this, began to think something wrong herself, yet could not tell how to imagine Molly to have been the incendiary; she resolved, however, to go to the cottage that evening if possible, but Fate had ordered it otherwise; for Philemon's Father just now arrived at Farmer Hobson's house, and in a very overbearing manner asked him, How he dare to encourage his son in a clandestine manner to visit his daughter?

The Farmer replied, that he must have been misinformed, for although his son had asked him the liberty to visit his daughter, he had refused him, unless authorized by himself for that purpose, but which indeed he had no reason to expect, and therefore had not seen him since,—not, said the Farmer, somewhat warmly, that I should look upon it as any particular honour to be allied to the remnants of a mercer's shop.—Honour, or not, said the old man in a huff, I

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have

have taken care he shall not dishonour me, and have just sent him off to London, from whence, in a short time, I will ship him for the East Indies; and so your servant, and take care to match your daughter to her equals.——

The proud Miser went away, and the Farmer went up to his daughter, and found her reading Philemon's letter; she endeavoured to hide it, but he insisted on seeing it; he was astonished at the contents—he desired to be informed of all that had passed, and if she had done nothing to injure her reputation he would forgive her. Arabella, with a modesty which at once displayed candour and truth, related every thing from the first to the last, and begging pardon for what she might have done amiss, only desired to live a single life, as she could not give her hand without her heart.

Just at this time her old acquaintance Nanny, who had heard that she was ill, came to visit her on that account, as she said, but in fact, it was to let her know how nearly Simon was to her, and that the Farmer might not encourage the addresses of so base a man.

Hobson was astonished when he heard of the seemingly honest Miller's wickedness, and vowed that he should not have his daughter if he was worth a million a year. Nanny made many apologies for what she had said to Philemon's Father, and said it was not out of



of spite to Arabella, but through rage at the perfidy of Simon,——she had her pardon.

Arabella now came to understand the duplicity of her confident Molly, and sincerely forgave Philemon's jealousy, as it proceeded from the same source as her own love. What the Farmer had concealed for fear of adding more affliction to his child,—the sending Philemon to London, was now revealed by Nanny, which so agitated Arabella that she fainted away, and when she came to herself was seized with a violent fever, which continued for some time, where we must leave her to follow other matters; for as Cupid had not done with his pranks we must proceed 'till he has. Philemon, who had letters to deliver in town, had a vast inclination to be acquainted with the contents of them, and at length being resolved at all events, having stopped to refresh at an inn, and to procure fresh horses, (for he was to travel post) he took the opportunity to satisfy his curiosity, and found, that one was to advise his Father's correspondent to ship him for the East Indies with all convenient speed, in the best manner he could; the other letter was to his Banker, to furnish him with a certain sum of money to lay out in ventures, as his friend and he should agree.—The last letter he very carefully put together again, as to the first, he did not intend to deliver at all. As soon as he arrived in London he was to go to the Banker's, where he got the cash mentioned, without any scruple; he next procured the disguise of a poor sailor, and hiring a post chaise, set

off post again for the country, where he arrived with as much speed as possible, and about half a mile before he reached the place intended, he discharged the chaise, and proceeded on foot till he came to a place where he was known, and where he was sure of not being betrayed; here, after getting some refreshment, he put on his disguise, and here it was that he first understood how dangerously ill Arabella was, also how his Father became acquainted with his passion for that charming fair-one, whom he was determined if possible to see; accordingly he set out in his disguise for Farmer Hobson's, where, pretending to have been shipwrecked, he asked for charity, which was very kindly extended to him; observing every one in the house to be very melancholy, he enquired the cause, though he guessed too well already: on being informed that an only child was dangerously ill of a fever; he enquired if she was in her senses, and being told she was, but very weak, the pretended sailor said, if they would trust him he imagined he could give her some relief, by the assistance of a charm he could write and she need only to read; the Farmer shook his head, but the old woman was for trying it, as she said she had known many cures performed by charms; accordingly, being supplied with the necessary apparatus, he wrote as follows:

“MY CHARMING ARABELLA,

“Your ever faithful Philemon is now in the house disguised, and longs to see you—revive, my soul, revive.”

He

He folded this up in a very curious manner, and then, enquiring her name, he wrote on the outside—

ARABELLA.

Her mother took it up to her, and told her, if she would read it it would do her good. She raised herself up, and casting her eyes only on the writing, she knew whose it was immediately, and instantly let it fall out of her trembling hand, and fell back again on the bed, at the same time shedding a shower of tears. Her mother, surprized at these emotions, took the note, and having read it, hastened down to her husband, who read it also. As soon as he had done, he cast his eyes at the sailor, who fell at his feet, and implored pardon for the deception, declaring that as it was impossible for him to live without Arabella, and hearing how ill she was, he had taken that method to get, if possible, a sight of her to ease his own torment and hers too, if possible, otherwise to die along with her. Surprized and charmed with his constancy, he was permitted to see her, and a promise given that he should not be discovered to his father, and they would contrive a plan, if possible, for their mutual happiness. It is needless to say, that forgiveness took place on each side with those amiable lovers, and Philémon being permitted to see her every day, Arabella, in a short time, recovered; and now it will be necessary to leave them for a while, and look after some of our former acquaintance.

The

The delicate Molly, so deeply in love with Philemon, and so true a friend to Arabella as to betray all her secrets, hearing that his father had sent him out of the country, and that he was to go to the Indies, was determined not to lose her teeming time, and therefore very kindly gave her hand to Ralph the gardener, and was very well contented with her lot, she thinking that any man was better than none: indeed her love for Philemon was no more than one of Cupid's frolicks, contrived on purpose to carry on her designs with Philemon and the FAIR MAID OF THE WEST; and all these circumstances, which only were formed for the sake of confusion, may justly be styled the Lovers Looking Glass, where the tricks and fancies which that passion displays are held up to every one alike.

Molly having thus settled herself in the holy state of matrimony, it will not be amiss to turn for a short time to Simon. Farmer Hobson being acquainted with his behaviour to Nanny, sent him word that he need not take the trouble to visit his daughter, as the doors would be shut against him. And the Justice, to fulfill his promise to the girl, sent for them both to come before him. Simon was very loth, yet was obliged to obey the mandate, as there was one with a little staff in his hand waiting to conduct him. When they were both come before the magistrate, Nanny was obliged to swear the child, which when she had done, he asked Simon what he intended to do; there were three ways, one was, to find security for the maintenance of the child, the next to marry the wench,



wench, or the last to go for a soldier. Simon considered all three with proper attention; he did not like finding security, it would expose him more than he should like. If he went for a soldier, he might lose the benefit of his father's mill, and other property. Marriage was a bitter pill, yet a wife was a necessary evil, and he might as well have one that he knew as not; therefore, he thought it best to make Nanny an honest woman, and the Justice was kind enough to give the bride away. This being over, Simon took home his wife, and so we have done with them. The Justice, his son being gone from him, grew melancholy, and many times wished him back again. Yet still the thoughts of his getting an immense fortune in the Indies, and marrying a lady with as much more, which, added to what he should leave him at his death, would make him as rich as any one in the county. But, alas! poor avaricious mortal, while he was counting his chickens before they were hatched, a sudden stroke of the palsy seized upon his limbs, and the doctor telling him he could not survive many days, he sent for a lawyer, and made his will, leaving all, but some trifling legacies, to Philemon, who hearing of his father's sudden indisposition, dressed himself and went home, determined to attend him in his last moments. The old gentleman was sensible, yet did not enquire the cause of his sudden return, but, rejoiced to see him, embraced him as well as his feeble arms would let him, gave him his blessing, and expired. He was buried in a very frugal manner, according to his own desire; and when that ceremony

was

was over, and a decent time allowed for mourning elapsed, Philemon, who was now worth near ten thousand pounds in the Stocks, as well as a landed estate, made himself happy with his Arabella, or **FAIR MAID OF THE WEST.**

He removed to his father's house, taking his new relations with him, and proved the happiest couple ever known in that county. Their piety and benevolence gained the hearts of all, and the poor followed them with blessings wherever they went.

Thus Love and Honour will be crown'd at last,

When every tempest is blown o'er and past.

Misfortunes oft in life will rise we find,

And hopes and fears torment the Lovers' mind:

Yet soon the prospect will clear up again,

And Love and Constancy united reign.

E I N I S.



